Giue me my sin againe.
Iuli. Youe kisse bith booke.
Nur. Madam your mother craues a word with you.
Ro. What is her mother?
Nurs. Marrie Batcheler,
Her mother is the Lady of the house,
And a good Ladie, and a wise and vertuous,
I Nurst her daughter that you talke withall:
I tell you, he that can lay hold of her
Shall haue the chincks.
Ro. Is she a *Capulet*?
O deare account! my life is my foes debt.
Ben. Away begon, the sport is at the best.
Ro. I so I feare, the more is my vnrest.
Capu. Nay gentlemen prepare not to be gone,
We haue a trifling foolish banquet towards:
Is it ene so? why then I thanke you all.
I thanke you honest gentlemen, good night:
More torches here, come on, then lets to bed.
Ah sirrah, by my faie it waxes late,
Ile to my rest.
Iuli. Come hither Nurse, what is yond gentleman?
Nurs. The sonne and heire of old *Tyberio*.
Iuli. Whats he that now is going out of doore?
Nur. Marrie that I thinke be young *Petruchio*.
Iu. Whats he that follows here that wold not dãce?
Nur. I know not.
Iuli. Go aske his name, if he be married,
My graue is like to be my wedding bed.
Nurs. His name is *Romeo*, and a *Mountague*,
The onely sonne of your great enemie.
Iuli. My onely loue sprung from my onely hate,
Too earlie seene, vnknowne, and knowne too late,
Prodigious birth of loue it is to mee,
That I must loue a loathed enemie.
Nurs. Whats tis? whats tis

Iu. A rime I learnt euen now
Of one I danct withall.
One cals within Iuliet.
Nurs. Anon, anon:
Come lets away, the strangers all ar

Chorus.
Now old desire doth in his deathb
And young affection gapes to be
That faire for which loue gronde
With tender *Iuliet* match, is now n
Now *Romeo* is beloued, and loues a
Alike bewitched by the charme of
But to his foe suppos'd he must co
And she steale loues sweete bait fr
Being held a foe, he may not haue
To breathe such vowes as louers
And she as much in loue, her mean
To meete her new beloued any w
But passion lends them power, time
Tempring extremities with extre

Enter Romeo *alo*
Ro. Can I go forward when my
Turne backe dull earth and find
Enter Benuolio *with* M
Ben. *Romeo*, my Cosen *Romeo*,
Mer. He is wise, and on my life
Ben. He ran this way and leapt
Call good *Mercutio*:
Nay Ile coniure too.
Mer. *Romeo*, humours, madma
Appeare thou in the likenesse of a
Speake but on rime and I am satis
Crie but ay me, prouaunt, but lou
Speake to my gossip *Venus* one f
One nickname for her purblind s